

Soap & Skin

"Cradlesong"

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I thud on a drum
Barely a span long
The rough barrel-beat
Was my cradlesong

You ask why I keep still
Why I don't pour it out into the night
You know
You know if it rises and floats
It effaces every piece of light

Foreign what my lips say
Foreign my hair, my dress
Foreign what your eyes ask
About this strangeness

You ask why I keep still
Why I don't pour it out into the night
You know
You know if it rises and float
It effaces every piece of light

When scream masses on wound
I want to meet you
When the great testimony
From your branches trickles down

Here my soul grows
'Til it smashes
Above the scene, the balcony

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